

THE  
GROANS  
OF  
*SCOTLAND.*

( Price Six-Pence. )

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SCOTLAND

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(See Preface)

THE  
GROANS  
OF  
SCOTLAND:

OR, THE  
LAMENTATIONS of the Antient  
Genius of *CALEDONIA*,  
for the Miseries of that Country.

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*Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem?*  
VIRG.

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THE  
GRAND  
OF  
SCOTLAND:

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ANTIQUITIES  
OF THE CASTLES OF  
FOR THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY.


By JOHN SMITH, Esq.  
F.R.S.



LONDON:  
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THE  
GROANS  
OF  
*SCOTLAND.*

EW People, that are in the least acquainted with *Scotland*, especially with the more remote Parts of it, are ignorant, how much the Notion of familiar Spirits prevails in that Country.

There are few Gentlemen's Seats of any Antiquity, but what is furnish'd with one of those Spirits ; and you may as well persuade  
the

the Possessors of these Houses out of their Creed, as prevail on them to believe, that *Browni* (for that is the general Appellation of this Species of Beings) has no Existence, but in Prepossession, Ignorance, or a heated Imagination; they have so many Stories to relate of these Spirits, supported with such seeming Probability; that a Man must have a strong Bias upon his Mind, not to be brought to favour the Supposition of their real Existence: Strangers generally laugh at the Conceit; but are frequently convinc'd to their Cost; that those Kind of Familiars are not to be jested with; at least, by any but those of the Family to whom they belong.

They appear in various Shapes; but the most common visible Appearance which they assume, is that of an old Man: Whether they are pure Spirits, or a Species of Beings, partaking only of some of the Qualities of Spirits, is not agreed upon by those who favour the Doctrine of their real Existence; but all agree, that they are a very innocent Kind of Creatures; are kind, and beneficent,  
and



and free from all Manner of Malice to Mankind ; are Enemies to Vice and Immorality ; and their chief Business on Earth would seem to be, to watch over the Welfare of the Proprietors of those Seats where they inhabit : They are generally heard to make great Lamentations before the Death of any of the Family ; or when any other fatal Accident seems to threaten the Chief of the House.

It is not to my present Purpose, to enter into an Enquiry, whether there really are such Beings on Earth, or not ; I believe there is no great Heresy in giving our Assent either Way ; we know the *Scotch* are not singular in their Opinion ; almost all the Nations in *Europe* have had, till of very late Times, the same Prepossessions in Favour of these Kind of Beings : However, the general Character I have given of them will serve for Introduction to what follows.

Near the Island of *Mull*, one of the Western Isles, lies the small Island of *J. Colum.*

*Cullum. Kill.* formerly the Seat of the antient Druids : In this Island these famed Pagan Oracles resided for many Centuries before the Promulgation of the Gospel. *St. Columbus*, who first planted Christianity in that Country, settled a Seminary in that Island ; which, from that Time, took the Saint's Name ; and this Seminary flourish'd till very lately before the Reformation, when the Monks were dispers'd : As this little Island seemed to be the Mother of Christianity, it was held in great Veneration by all the neighbouring Nations, and became the Burying-Place of the *Scotch, Danish, and Irish* Kings ; where are to be seen to this Day the Remains of some of their Monuments : There is yet some of the Ruins of the Monastery standing ; but no Part of them fit to be inhabited.

There are some Houses upon the Island, which are possessed by Farmers, who occupy the Land : These People give out, that the Island, especially the antient Ruins, is haunted by a *Brownie*, who appears in the Shape of an old Man of a noble, vene-



venerable Aspect : This Spirit is frequently seen in open Day-Light amongst the Royal Tombs ; and is constantly heard to make dreadful moaning before any general Calamity. He is not often seen affected with the Fate of private Persons ; so that this venerable Spirit would seem to be the Familiar of *Scotland* in general, its antient Genius, and Guardian-Angel ; since he only laments those Accidents, that affect that Country as a Kingdom.

Before the Rebellion broke out, the Inhabitants heard the *Browni* make dreadful Lamentations ; and when he was at any Time visible, it was always in a melancholy Posture, like a Man quite overwhelm'd with Sorrow, and oppress'd with Grief.

But of late his Complaints have been immoderate ; and whereas before, they could hear nothing but Groans, or some short sorrowful Exclamation, his Wailings have, of late, been articulate ; and for Hours together they have listened to him, painting the Miseries, and bemoaning the Misfortunes

of that Country, in a Style the most moving and pathetick that could be imagin'd : And in these Complaints the Countrymen found, that they had Intelligence of Events almost as soon as they happen'd, though distant from them some Days Journey.

This particular Behaviour of the *Browni* of *J. Colum. Kill.* became the general Subject of Conversation in the Island of *Mull*, and the adjacent Continent of the Shire of *Argyle*; which induced a Gentleman of that Country, till then an Infidel in the Doctrine of familiar Spirits, to go over to the Island, to try if he could be persuaded of what he thought impossible : He went over the Beginning of *June*, and the first Night he lay there he was converted to the Faith; heard the venerable Spirit describe the miserable State of his Country, in a Language which had such an Impression upon him, that he remember'd almost every Word of it, and forthwith committed it to Writing; which he transmitted to me the next Post, as a real Curiosity. The Reader is to observe, that the Spirit spoke

spoke in the *Highland* Language; which is naturally lofty and pathetick, and much fitter for Description than any modern Language extant; so that I am apt to believe the *English* Translation must come infinitely short of the Original.

“ Oh! *Scotland*! Oh! my Country!  
 “ how shall I describe thy Sorrows, and  
 “ delineate the Misfortunes that attend thy  
 “ Sons: Let me turn my Eyes to the East,  
 “ and to the West, to the South, and to  
 “ the North, there is no Glimpse of Joy:  
 “ not the least Shadow of Peace; Death,  
 “ Destruction, and dismal Desolation, oc-  
 “ cupy every Corner: Vengeance from on  
 “ high has overtaken her, Sorrow from a-  
 “ far has overwhelm’d her, and all the  
 “ Horrors of destructive War prey upon  
 “ her Bowels: Oh! *Scotland*! how shall I  
 “ find Words to express thy Woes! To-  
 “ day promis’d us Peace, and To-morrow  
 “ you was flatter’d with Hopes of Com-  
 “ fort; yet there is none near: To-day,  
 “ and To-morrow, and every other Mor-  
 “ row comes, and passeth as the last, loaded

“ with Sorrows, and pregnant with dire Mis-  
 “ chief. How bitter is thy Cup? How brim-  
 “ ful of Calamity? How severe the Lot  
 “ of unhappy *Caledonia*? Oh, miserable,  
 “ thrice miserable, unhappy Country !

“ Thy Pains are like the Pangs of a  
 “ Woman in Labour : thou feelest all the  
 “ Agonies of a Mother in Child-bed ; but  
 “ thy Hopes are not like her, she is in A-  
 “ gony, but is comforted by the Birth of  
 “ a Son, and her Heart made light with  
 “ an Heir to her Inheritance : But *Scotland*,  
 “ unhappy *Scotland* knows no such Com-  
 “ fort ; her Sorrow admits of no Alleviati-  
 “ on : which ever Way her Deliverance  
 “ comes, Death is in the End, and Bit-  
 “ terness of Anguish sums up the whole  
 “ Account : Oh, *Scotia* ! Oh, *Scotia* ! how  
 “ hard is the Lot of thy Destiny ?

“ Sorrows came upon us from the North-  
 “ west : Desolation spreads amongst us like  
 “ a Whirlwind, and the Horrors of dread-  
 “ ful War was seen in the midst of her  
 “ Plains : We look'd for Succour from our  
 “ Friends,



“ Friends, but were deceiv’d ; the Day  
 “ of our Deliverance was afar off, it came ;  
 “ but Peace was not there : we fought it  
 “ from the Foe, but were deny’d ; we  
 “ hoped it from our Friends, but found it  
 “ not : When, Oh ! when shall the Sor-  
 “ rows of my Country have an End ?

“ From what Period shall I date your  
 “ Misfortunes ? From what Source shall I  
 “ trace the Flood of thy Calamities ? Year  
 “ after Year they have increas’d ; and for  
 “ Ages back we must trace the dismal  
 “ Scene, that now, like a dreadful Tor-  
 “ rent, overspreads the fruitful Vales, and  
 “ has introduced barren Famine upon the  
 “ Plains of lost, of forlorn *Caledonia*.

“ Whilst her Sons, as of old, were  
 “ Friends to Virtue, contented themselves  
 “ with modest Plenty, and confined their  
 “ Ambition to Deeds of Arms, in Defence  
 “ of Liberty and independent Sovereignty :  
 “ Whilst her Princes were just, satisfy’d  
 “ with legal Sway, and bounded their Itch  
 “ of Power by the *Tweed*, Peace was in  
 “ her



“ her Cities, Plenty crown’d the Harvest, and  
 “ splendid Glory rewarded the Soldiers Toils :  
 “ But, Oh ! my Sons, ye were weary’d  
 “ of well-doing ; your Pride, Folly, and  
 “ Ambition, have brought this Day of De-  
 “ solation upon you, and undone *Caledo-*  
 “ *nia*.

“ Your Princes despis’d their antient Pa-  
 “ trimony, they forsook the Paths of their  
 “ fam’d Predecessors ; an Itch of Power  
 “ possess’d them, and the Greediness of  
 “ Riches swallow’d up all their Faculties :  
 “ the *Tweed* no longer must bound their  
 “ Ambition, and the Royal Seats of their  
 “ Forefathers were too little to contain  
 “ their boundless Pride. Hence sprung your  
 “ Misfortunes, and then were sown the  
 “ Seeds of these dire Calamities, which  
 “ loads with Oppression undone, ruin’d *Ca-*  
 “ *ledouia*.

“ *James*, the Son of *Mary*, left his na-  
 “ tive *Scotland*, and ascended the Throne  
 “ of *England* ; his Heart was puff’d up,  
 “ and Vanity possess’d his Soul : As his  
 “ Riches increas’d, he despis’d the Checks  
 “ of

“ of Law, and his Mind was bent upon  
 “ arbitrary Sway : He conceited himself  
 “ wife, yet his Soul abounded with Fol-  
 “ ly : Wisdom forsook him, and was not  
 “ to be found in his Councils : He hated  
 “ his native Country, and laid the Foun-  
 “ dation of the Ruin of his House, and  
 “ the Miseries that at this Day attend the  
 “ unhappy Sons of thrice unhappy *Caledo-*  
 “ *nia*.

“ *Charles*, his Son, was wiser, and juster  
 “ than he ; yet he had learn'd from him  
 “ to despise his native Country, which he  
 “ endeavour'd to subject to his lawless Sway.  
 “ A Love of Liberty rous'd the antient  
 “ *Scotish* Spirit, in Defence of their holy  
 “ Rites. Confusion and Anarchy reign'd  
 “ for a while, and the whole Island suf-  
 “ fer'd under the Miseries of horrid War  
 “ and intestine Broils, till Providence inter-  
 “ pos'd, and miraculously brought about a  
 “ Restoration : *Scotland* might then have  
 “ been happy, and secur'd her Liberties  
 “ beyond the Power of Ambition ; but she  
 “ slipp'd the Opportunity, and out of a  
 “ Mad-

“ Madneſs of Joy, gave the Prince more  
 “ Prerogative than he could wiſely uſe, and  
 “ continued her Miſeries, which her Sons  
 “ at this Day feel : O ! unhappy *Scotland*,  
 “ when wilt thou be wiſe to diſcern thy  
 “ own Intereſt ?

“ *James*, the Son of *Charles*, aſcended  
 “ the Throne of his Anceſtors, but with  
 “ Principles deſtructive of Government,  
 “ and pernicious to the Peace of Society :  
 “ He wanted to govern by the arbitrary  
 “ Dictates of his own Will, and refus'd  
 “ to be directed by the Laws of the Land :  
 “ He hated the Religion of his Forefathers,  
 “ but was bigotted to the Superſtitious of  
 “ the Church of *Rome* : At laſt, his I-  
 “ niquity was compleat ; Ruin purſued him,  
 “ and he finiſh'd the Deſtruction of his  
 “ Houſe, and left, as a Legacy, the pre-  
 “ ſent Calamities, which now overwhelms  
 “ unhappy *Caledonia*.

“ *Scotland*, when wilt thou be wiſe ?  
 “ when ſhall thy Folly have an End ? Pro-  
 “ vidence ſaw thy dire Miſfortunes which  
 “ thou

“ thou groaned under, when subject to the  
 “ Yoke of the House of *Stuart*, and  
 “ brought about the Revolution, to ease  
 “ thee of the horrid Weight, but they were  
 “ not contented : they had not Power to  
 “ avail themselves of the happy Event, but  
 “ spurn’d at the Blessing, and curs’d the  
 “ Hand that brought them Succour ; which  
 “ at this Day increases the Weight of those  
 “ Woes, which now fill the Land of un-  
 “ happy, thrice unhappy *Caledonia*.

“ Hard is the Fate of my Country ?  
 “ Nothing can make them happy : They  
 “ enjoy’d Peace, and Plenty, and Riches,  
 “ which their Forefathers knew not so  
 “ much as in Imagination, yet they could  
 “ not be contented ; they still lusted after  
 “ more, till for the Love of worthless  
 “ Gain, and contaminated Titles, they made  
 “ Shipwreck of their Honesty, and bar-  
 “ ter’d the Liberty, the Peace, and Ho-  
 “ nour of their native Country, for less  
 “ than nothing, and brought this Day of  
 “ Tribulation upon forlorn *Caledonia*.



“ My Sons are swallow’d up in Luxury  
 “ and their Souls in Love with Corrupti-  
 “ on, and bare-faced Venality : They have  
 “ sold their Country for Gold, and their  
 “ Birth-Right for a Mess of Pottage ; they  
 “ are in Love with Slavery, and have not  
 “ the Courage to be honest. Oh ! my  
 “ Sons, awake from this deep Lethargy ;  
 “ shake off these Vices, that sully the  
 “ Fame of your Ancestors ; be just to your-  
 “ selves, dare to be free ; and perhaps,  
 “ you may put an End to the Calamities  
 “ of *Caledonia*.

“ Oh, unhappy Country ! curse not the  
 “ Cause of your Woes ; they are your own  
 “ Sons that have undone you : Your Fol-  
 “ lies have brought this Day of Desolation  
 “ upon you ; the Crimes of you and your  
 “ Forefathers are but justly visited upon  
 “ this unhappy Generation : Repent, and  
 “ be wise, before it is too late ; Rouse up  
 “ your antient Virtue, and save the un-  
 “ happy Remains of unhappy *Caledonia*.

Oh,



“ Oh, *Caledonia* ! how art thou fallen ?  
 “ How art thou laid desolate ? Where are  
 “ all thy Men at Arms ? Where are your  
 “ mighty Chiefs, that boasted in the Valour  
 “ of their House ? Alas ! they are no more,  
 “ they are slain, they are dead, but not in  
 “ the Bed of Honour ; they display’d their  
 “ untimely Courage in the Cause of Re-  
 “ bellion, and the Sons of Liberty fought  
 “ for arbitrary Power. Cease to lament  
 “ their Death, they have dishonour’d their  
 “ Ancestors ; but weep, oh, wail for the  
 “ Living, for they must see a Scene worse  
 “ than Death, and ten Thousand Tortures,  
 “ the Ruins of ruin’d *Caledonia*.

“ Where are thy Towns, and numberless  
 “ Villages ? Where are the antient Seats  
 “ of thy antient Gentry ? They are burnt,  
 “ destroy’d, and desolate ; and there is not  
 “ the least Vestage of them remains. Oh,  
 “ *Caledonia*, these are the Fruits of intestine  
 “ Broils ; these the dire Effects of Sedition  
 “ and Rebellion, who, alas ! who will bring  
 “ any Comfort to undone *Caledonia* ? ”

“ Travel from *Perth* to *Fort-William*,  
 “ and you meet with nothing but Desola-  
 “ tion, Ruin, and Destruction on all Hands:  
 “ You see the Seats of our great Men on  
 “ Fire, or the Ruins of those once hospi-  
 “ table Roofs; *Castle-Drummond* is a Heap  
 “ of Rubbish, the Estate of *Strathallan* is  
 “ a Desert; *Frazerdale* and *Castle-Douny*  
 “ are Monuments of the Folly of their  
 “ Owners; *Achnacary*, and the Seats of  
 “ the *Camerons* are laid in Ashes; and the  
 “ *M<sup>r</sup> Donalds* have not a House to cover  
 “ them: Oh, Providence, have Mercy up-  
 “ on undone *Caledonia*.

“ The Women and Children cry aloud  
 “ for Bread; but alas! there is none to  
 “ give them: the Lame and Aged cry  
 “ for Help, but there is no Succour near:  
 “ the Mother sees her Infant expiring for  
 “ Want, and suffers Pangs, which exceed  
 “ those of Child-Birth: the Child sees its  
 “ aged Parent stretch'd out with Hunger  
 “ in his Visage, and Want preying upon  
 “ his Life: he sees the Fountain of his  
 “ Blood

" Blood dry'd up, and it is not in his  
 " Power to succour him; they join toge-  
 " ther in fruitless wailing of their Mife-  
 " ries, and die with no other Words but  
 " O Lord, have Mercy upon the Remains  
 " of undone *Caledonia*.

" Look upon her Mountains, that were  
 " formerly cover'd with Flocks of Cattle,  
 " there is none to be seen: the Ox is no  
 " more heard to low in the Mountains,  
 " nor the Lamb to bleat in the Valley;  
 " there is not a Cock to crow, or pro-  
 " claim the Approach of Day: Barren-  
 " ness sits brooding on the Fields, and  
 " Famine rides triumphant on the Ruins  
 " of their once-fill'd Barns; the very Birds  
 " of the Air starve for Want: Nothing  
 " lives but the Raven, who is gorged with  
 " the Carcases of those who dy'd for Want:  
 " Yet, if that Animal could articulate its  
 " Voice, the first Word it certainly would  
 " utter would be, Lord, have Mercy upon  
 " *Caledonia*.

" Oh,

" Oh, Desolation ! where wilt thou have  
 " an End ? Dreadful Sword of War, when  
 " will thy Edge be blunted ? When wilt  
 " thou be glutted with the Blood of *Cale-*  
 " *donia* ? Oh, horrid Effects of civil Broils !  
 " The Father turns his Sword upon his Chil-  
 " dren ; and the Son brings Death to him  
 " that gave him Breath : Brother is turned  
 " against Brother, and each Man is an Ene-  
 " my to the Son of his Mother.

" O Peace, when wilt thou return, and  
 " heal up our Wounds ? When shall we see  
 " the Comfort of former Days ? And each  
 " Man live in Safety under his own Fig-  
 " Tree ? Shall we again hear the joyful  
 " Sound of a friendly Salutation ? Shall the  
 " Shepherd follow his Flocks without  
 " Danger, and the Husbandman reap the  
 " Fruit of his Labours ? Blessed be the Hand  
 " that brings us Peace : Be he blessed that  
 " foundeth the Retreat : Blessed be the  
 " Mother that bore him, and the Breasts  
 " that gave him Suck : Bless him, all ye  
 " People ; let all the Angels bless the Man  
 " that gives Peace to undone *Caledonia*.

" Weep,

" Weep, Oh, ye Hills ; be humbled,  
 " Oh, ye Mountains ; let the Vallies mourn,  
 " and let not the Sound of Musick cherish  
 " the Ear ; there is no Peace in *Scotland*,  
 " nor Comfort in *Caledonia* : Her Sons have  
 ' gone astray, they have forsaken the Paths  
 ' of their Ancestors, and Destruction is  
 ' come upon them : They are punish'd  
 ' with Rods of Iron, and smitten with the  
 ' Sword of War ; they cry for Peace ; the  
 " Children lament, and Weeping and La-  
 ' mentation are heard in her Streets ; she  
 " looketh for Comfort, but there is no Hand  
 " to help, no Eye to pity her Woes ;  
 ' her own Sons are her Executioners, and  
 ' they judge with a severe Justice ; they  
 " are punished unto the third and fourth  
 " Generation of the Tribes of undone, un-  
 " happy, miserable *Caledonia*."

" The present Age is wretched, but they  
 " have deserv'd it : But the next, and the  
 " next, and many succeeding Ages must  
 " feel the dire Effects : Be united then,  
 ' O my Sons, rouse up your sleeping Vir-  
 " tue



" tue ; be reconcil'd to your Duty, if not  
 " for your own Sake, yet for your Poste-  
 " rity's Sake, save the Remains of your  
 " Country : Save *Scotland*, save it, O Lord,  
 " save it from itself ; have Mercy upon un-  
 " done *Caledonia*."



**F I N I S**